

MASSACHUSETTS
AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE
SONGS



* UMASS/AMHERST *

Barcode
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L. H. Jones
Complements of
A. L. Prince.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE SONGS

Compiled especially for the use of the
ALUMNI AND STUDENTS
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE



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BY
EDGAR L. ASHLEY
AMHERST MASS.

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FOREWORD

The interest taken by the students of M.A.C. in mass singing and in song production has grown rapidly since the Interclass Singing Contest was inaugurated in 1910. The quality of the songs produced in this connection has improved constantly so that it is doubtful if there are more than two or three colleges or universities in the country which can at this time present a collection of original songs superior to ours either in numbers or in excellence. It is hoped that the publication of this song book will further stimulate mass singing and original musical production among our students and lead to still more commendable achievement.

This, the second edition of the Massachusetts Agricultural College song book, has been compiled primarily to present in permanent form several original songs of merit which have been produced since the first edition appeared in 1912. It has been thought advisable to include also some of the best songs which are representative of a few other educational institutions.

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to the many alumni, students, and friends of the College who have added to the worth of this publication by their valuable contributions, suggestions and other forms of assistance; to our friends from other institutions who have placed at our disposal their college songs; and to the Oliver Ditson Company for helpful suggestions in the arrangement of material.

*Ralph J. Watts
Compiler*

Massachusetts Agricultural College
Amherst, Mass.
October, 1917

INDEX

| TITLE | MUSIC BY | PAGE |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|------|
| Aggie | | 54 |
| Alma Mater | H.S.Thompson | 49 |
| America | Henry Carey | 86 |
| America the Beautiful | S.A.Ward | 92 |
| Annie Laurie | Lady John Scott | 78 |
| Auld Lang Syne | | 66 |
| Battle Hymn of the Republic | | 88 |
| Bay State's Sons Forever | Frank A.Prouty | 22 |
| Boost Old Aggie | E.K.Watts | 32 |
| Bright College Years | Carl Wilhelm | 45 |
| Bull-Dog, The | | 55 |
| Cheer for Old Amherst | J.N.Pierce | 36 |
| Cheer Old Massachusetts | Frank A.Prouty | 24 |
| College Hymn | D.P.Miller | 34 |
| Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean | David T.Shaw | 90 |
| Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina | | 68 |
| Dear Old Massachusetts | F.D.Griggs | 18 |
| Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes | <i>Old English Air</i> | 67 |
| Evening Hymn | Frank A.Anderson | 16 |
| Fair Harvard | | 44 |
| Farewell to Aggie | F.D.Griggs | 17 |
| Fight on to Victory | F.D.Griggs | 30 |
| From Mount Greylock to the Ocean | <i>Arr. by James Tilleard</i> | 28 |
| Glory, Glory Hallelujah | | 88 |
| God Bless our Native Land | Lowell Mason | 93 |
| Hail! Columbia | Prof. Phyta | 86 |
| Here's to you my Alma Mater | C.T.Smith | 12 |
| Hymn to America | Brooks C.Peters | 89 |
| Juanita | | 69 |
| Jingle Bells | | 70 |
| Jolly Students | L.E.Champan | 14 |
| Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl | | 58 |
| Last Night | Halfdan Kjerulff | 79 |
| Lead, on O Massachusetts | F.D.Griggs | 35 |

| TITLE | MUSIC BY | PAGE |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|------|
| Lest we Forget | Z. Wyvil | 95 |
| Loreley, The | Fr. Gilcher | 77 |
| Lovely Night | Chevatal | 51 |
| Mary had a Little Lamb | <i>Hobart Version</i> | 60 |
| Mass. Aggie- Here's to Thee | W.W. Thayer | 26 |
| Massachusetts! Soil of Glory | Wm. Chauncey Langdon | 80 |
| Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground | S.C. Foster | 71 |
| Men of Dartmouth | H.R. Wellman | 39 |
| Michael Roy | | 57 |
| Mountains, The | Washington Gladden | 42 |
| My Last Cigar | | 81 |
| My Old Kentucky Home | S.C. Foster | 72 |
| Nellie was a Lady | | 76 |
| O Beautiful, my Country | R.P. Stewart | 94 |
| Old Black Joe | S.C. Foster | 75 |
| Old Cabin Home, The | T. Paine | 61 |
| Old Folks at Home | S.C. Foster | 74 |
| On the Field | D.P. Miller | 20 |
| Onward to Victory | Geo. M. Cohan | 23 |
| Prayer of John Chapman | Chas. D. Campbell | 50 |
| Quilting Party, The | | 56 |
| Red and Blue, The | W.T. Goeckel | 46 |
| Sailing | Godfrey Marks | 62 |
| Serenade | A.E. Marschner | 63 |
| Soldiers Farewell | Johanna Kinkel | 64 |
| Solomon Levi | Fred. Seaver | 82 |
| Son of a Gambolier | | 52 |
| Sons of Old Massachusetts | Ben Chadwick | 7 |
| Stars of the Summer Night | | 58 |
| Star Spangled Banner | John Stafford Smith | 96 |
| Sweet and Low | Joseph Barnby | 84 |
| Swing Low, Sweet Chariot | | 66 |
| Tarpaulin Jacket, The | | 78 |
| There's Music in the Air | | 65 |
| Two Roses, The | Werner | 84 |
| Upidee | | 59 |
| What Beams so Bright | Kreutzer | 85 |
| When Twilight Shadows Deepen | F.D. Griggs | 10 |

SONS OF OLD MASSACHUSETTS

HOWARD L. KNIGHT '02

7

BEN CHADWICK

Arranged by CARL SCHULZ

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO

f

mf

Bay State's loy - al sons are we, _____ In her praise our
For thy col - ors, pure and bright, _____ For thine own Ma -

f

song shall be, _____ Till we make the wel - kin ring With our
roon and White, _____ Glo-rious vic - to-ries we crave: Sym - bols

cho - rus as we sing With the trib - ute that we bring: _____
of thy spir - it brave May they long in tri - umph wave. _____

mf

Hol - yoke's hills pro - long the strain, _____ Echo - ing
All thy ster - ling worth re - veal, _____ Grant us

cresc.

to the glad re - frain; _____ And the gent - lest winds pro -
no - bler, man - lier zeal; _____ So though borne by Time's com -

claim Far and near thy peer - less fame, Prais - ing e'er thine hon - or'd
mand Far be - yond thy shel - t'ring hand, Still de - vo - ted sons we'll

f

name _____ Mass - - - - a - chu-setts!
stand, _____ Mass - - - - a - chu-setts!

CHORUS

TENOR I & II

Loy - al sons of old Mass - a - chus-sets, Faith - ful, stur - dy,

BASS I & II

sons and true; To our grand old Al - ma Ma - ter

Let our song re - sound a - new. Cheer, boys, cheer for old Mass - a -

chu-setts Give our col - lege three times three; Sons for -

ev - er of the old Bay State, Loy- al sons, loy- al sons are we.

WHEN TWILIGHT SHADOWS DEEPEN

Words and Music by
F. D. GRIGGS, '13

Not too fast



1. When twi - light shad - ows deep - en and the stud - y hour draws
2. When first we came to col - lege the way seemed hard and



nigh, When shades of night are fall - ing and the eve - ning breez - es
long, But now we're all to - geth - er, its - just one glad sweet



sigh, 'Tis then we love to gath - er 'neath the pale moon's sil - vry
song; But col - lege days are pass - ing and - time is beck - ning



spell, And lift up hearts and voi - ces in the songs we love so well.
on, To Ag - gie be the glo - ry when life's vic - to - ry is won.



CHORUS
Very slowly

Sons of old Mass - a - chu - setts, de - vo - ted sons and true;

"Ag - gie" old "Ag - gie" we'll give our best to you.

Thee our Al - ma Ma - ter, we'll cher - ish for all time, Should

auld ac - quaint - ance be for got Mass - a - chu - setts yours and mine.

Slower

a tempo



HERE'S TO YOU, MY ALMA MATER

Words and Music by
C. T. SMITH, '18

1. Here's to you my Al - ma Ma - ter, Drink a toast to M. A.
2. Fill your glas - ses to the brim boys For this is old Ag - gie's

C., To the brav - est and the fair - est May we ev - er loy - al
day, On the field her teams have tri - umph'd Let us now our trib - ute

be. Now to thee we pledge de - vo - tion; Ev - er - more thy sons we'll
pay. Sing our Al - ma Ma - ter's prais - es Raise the cho - rus to the



be. For-ing on - ward with the mot - to Let us boost old M. A. C.
skies. Old Ma-ronn and White has con-quer'd And the ech - o soft re - plies:

A musical score for a piano accompaniment in G minor. It features a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part consists of harmonic chords and bass notes.



Mas - sa-chu-setts thine are we Since the good old days of yore;

A musical score for a piano accompaniment in G minor. It features a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part consists of harmonic chords and bass notes.



Thine for- ev' - er we shall be Mas-sa - chu-setts for- ev- er - more.

A musical score for a piano accompaniment in G minor. It features a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part consists of harmonic chords and bass notes.

JOLLY STUDENTS

Words and Music by
L.W.CHAPMAN
'08

VOICE



PIANO



shout and sing as we march a - long Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll
out at best for a jol - ly good time, We are! We are! Then

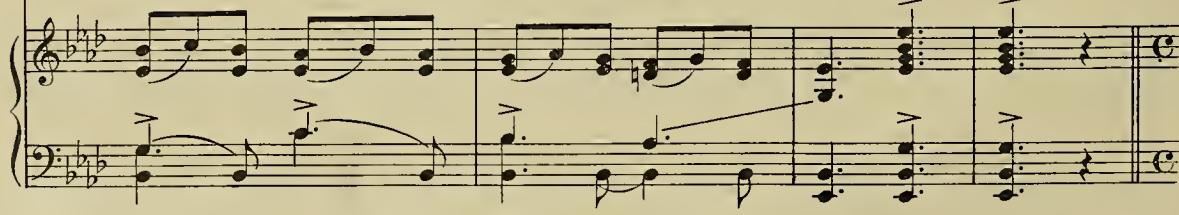


all join in at the ju - bi - lee, We'll cheer our team to the vic - to - ry, We're
up, boys, up for the White and Ma - roon, Off with your hats while we sing our tune, Now



(shout)

jol - ly stud - ents of Mass - a - chu - setts State. Rah! Rah!
sing - boys, sing - with all - your might and main. Rah! Rah!



*) CHORUS (*Air in 2d Tenor*)

TENOR I & II



Then cheer! cheer! cheer! For our team is out to fight, They're boys that know no fear Oh,

BASS I & II



cheer! cheer! cheer! For Al - ma Ma - ter bright, The col - lege we hold most dear, We'll



drink a toast to Mass - a - chu - setts men, The Sons of old Bay State, Our



col - lege dear, We'll be true to thee, Thy deeds com - mem - o - rate. D.C.



*) If accompanied play Tenor parts an octave lower than written.

EVENING HYMN

Words by
MAE F. HOLDEN '16

Music by
FRANK A. ANDERSON '16

With expression

1. Alma Mater, while the shad-ows gent-ly fall, Hid-ing all the
2. Thou hast planted in our hearts the seeds of truth, May we cher-ish

gold-en glo-ry of the West, While the birds their songs are hush-ing,
them with lov-ing ten-der care, Heed-ing still the words of warn-ing,

and the sounds of day are still, And the si-lence of the eve-ning soothes to rest.
as the path of life we tread, Let us yet the high-est heights of tri-umph dare.

Then thy sons, they pledge a-new their love to thee, Bind-ing clos-er
Col-lege dear, may bless-ing all thy way at-tend, Ne'er be-fore was

yet each loy-al faith-ful heart; Once a-gain the air is ring-ing
Al-ma Mat-er loved like thee; Calm and bright, thy guid-ing star

with the mu-sic of our song Ere we from the shel-ter of thy care de-part.
Beaming from the far-thest goal Lead thee on tri-um-phant to thy vic-to-ry.

FAREWELL TO "AGGIE"

Words and Music by
F. D. GRIGGS, '13

There comes a time when college days, So
Four years of work and growth have been These

dear to all must have an end: And now that time has come, when
years of college life so free. We'll join the race and let them

REFRAIN

we hear Must hit the trail on life's as - cent. Then
From Mas - sa - chu - setts qual - i - ty.

Very slowly

fare-well to "Ag - gie," Our Al - ma Ma-ter true, Then fare-well, the

hour comes When we must bid a - dieu. Then here's to our col - lege In our

hearts shell be nigh, So fare-well to "Ag - gie," But not good - bye.

DEAR OLD MASSACHUSETTS

Words and Music by
F. D. GRIGGS
'13

VOICE

PIANO

There is a cer - tain val - ley, By a riv - er's gold - en

strand: Where stands a no - ble col - lege, The

fair - est in the land; Well known through-out our

coun - try, For her truth and loy - al - ty; Old

Bay State's pride and glo - ry, She will al - ways be.

rit

CHORUS

TENOR I & II

Dear old Mass - a - chu - setts

Brave old Mass - a -

BASS I & II

chu - setts

Hon - or and praise, Through-out thy days, We'll

ren - der un - to thee.

Dear old Al - ma

Ma - ter,

Grand old Al - ma Ma - ter,

True as of yore, For - ev - er more, Thy loy - al sons we'll be.

ON THE FIELD

Words and Music by
D. P. MILLER
'08

VOICE

PIANO

CHORUS (*Air in 2d Tenor*)

TENOR I & II



Crash through the line, now bat - ter down the ends, Fight, fight for

BASS I & II



(shout)

ev - 'ry yard, our hon - or to de - fend. For Bay State once a - gain, Rah!



Rah! You have con-quer'd foes be - fore, To your vic - tims add one more.



Make a - noth - er touch-down and swell up the score, For the old bell will



ring and to - night we will sing Mass-a - chu - setts for ev - er - more.



BAY STATE'S SONS FOREVER

GEORGE P. NICKERSON '12

FRANK A. PROUTY
'10

TENOR I & II

We gath - er here to sing our song and help to win the

BASS I & II

fight We stand for Alma Ma - ter Old Mass - a - chu - setts bright, Our

Sons shall lead in hon - or on field, in Hall of Fame. We'll stand by her for -

ev - er and raise on high her name - Bay State's sons for - ev - er, Ma -

roon and white our guide. All praise to thee our col - lege dear old

Mass - a - chu - setts tried We will ev - er hail thee Hon - or'd Moth - er

dear, While North and South will ech - o long with heart - y yell and cheer -

ONWARD TO VICTORY

F. A. PROUTY '10

Tune: Give my regards to Broadway
GEORGE M. COHAN

(Air in 2nd Tenor)

TENOR I & II

On-ward to vic - try Bay State, for you are the chos - en

BASS I & II

one Tear up the line of scrim - age, boys, and you will

have them on the run. Re - mem-ber that we are with you, to

cheer you to the whis - tle's call. You are the boys of

(shout) D.C.

old Bay State, and all we ask is to rush that ball. Rah! Rah! Rah!

D.C.

CHEER OLD MASSACHUSETTS

RAYMOND J. FISKE '10

FRANK A. PROUTY
'10

VOICE

1. By New-Eng-land's no - ble ri - ver Stands the col - lege we love
 2. Skirt - ed by the grass - y mead - ows, Hedged by fruit - ful or - chards
 3. We are sons of old Mass' - chu-setts, True and loy - al sons are

PIANO

best, With hap - piest re - col - lec - tions And
 wide, And bound by fer - tile plains That
 we; More fair than thou - sand oth - ers, Our

fond - est mem 'ries blest; If in years to come we
 deck the ri - vers side; Near the hills and ci - ties
 glor - ious M. A. C. When we join our eld - er

wan - der Far be - yond its shel - t'ring care Let
 stor - ied For their beau - ty wealth and fame; Raise
 bro - thers, Scat - ter'd far o'er land and sea, Till

June find us re-new-ing Friend-ships
old Bay State's ban-ners, To the
death, O Al-ma Ma-ter, Still our

we once cher-ished there.
skies once more her name.
guide and pat-tern be.

CHORUS (Air 2nd Tenor)

TENOR I & II

Then cheer old Mass-a-chu-setts, Oh cheer old Bay State's

BASS I & II

Pride, For hon-or'd Al-ma Ma-ter We'll stand what e'er be -

tide; In many a well fought bat-tle Came con-qu'ror from the

fight, Then cheer our grand old col-lege And our Ma-roon and White.

D.C.

MASS. AGGIE—HERE'S TO THEE

Words and Music by
W. W. THAYER '17

Con anima



1. With spir - it ev - er loy - al — We are gath - er'd here once
 2. We've fought to win thee glo - ry; — We have made thy ban - ners



more, To pay the tri - bute ev - er due At Al - ma Ma - ter's
 known; And gen - er - a - tions fol - lowing on; Shall nurse the seed we've



door. At home or far on dis - tant shores, Wher - ev - er we may
 sown. We'll gath - er round the Cam - pus hearth, In friend - ships cheer - y



stray, To Ag - gie will. our thoughts re - turn, Our hearts will an - swer -
 ray, And thrill'd a - new with spir - it true, We'll swell the cho - rus -



CHORUS

a tempo marcato

Yee—ay! We'll fight for old Mass. Ag - gie, And for Mass - a-chus - etts'

fame, We'll spread a broad her glo - ry, And we'll tri - umph in her

name. Ma - roon and White vic - to - rious Shall our bat - tle en - sign

be; And we'll sing and cheer to - geth - er, Mass. Ag-gie! Here's to thee.

*slower**ad lib.**rit.*

FROM MT. GREYLOCK TO THE OCEAN

D. P. MILLER - '08

(Men of Harlech)

Old Welsh Air

Arranged by JAMES TILLEARD

Con fuoco

TENOR I & II *mf*

BASS I & II *mf*

From Mt. Grey - lock to the o - cean Swell- ing in its

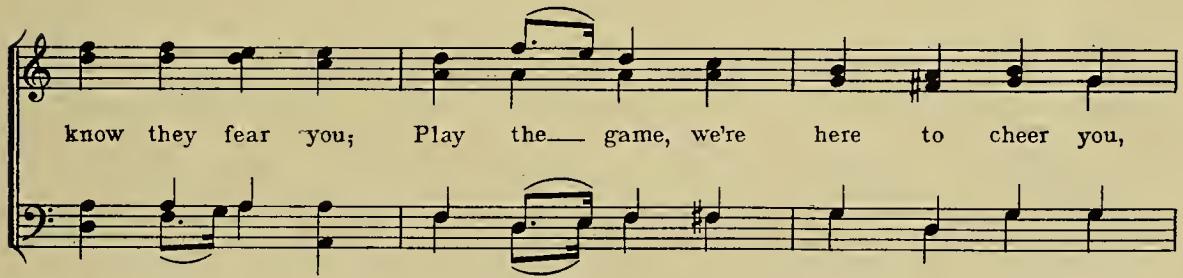
on - ward mo - tion, Rings our watch - word of de - vo - tion,

Old Bay State must win. *f* Mass - a - chu - setts

men be - fore you, Mass - a - chu - setts soil that bore you,

Ur - gen - tly all these im - plore you, Make old Bay State win.

1st time Solo
2^d time Chorus



FIGHT ON TO VICTORY

Words and Music by
FRED D. GRIGGS
'13

TENOR I & II

1. Ag - gie men are gath- er'd to cheer old Bay State on,
2. Ev - 'ry year the bat - tle is fought more des - per - tely;

BASS I & II

Loy - al to the col - lege till the vic - to - ry is won.
Ev - 'ry year old Ag - gie shows un - dy - ing loy - al - ty,

Ag - gie songs are swell - ing those good old songs of yore, And
Vic - tors or the van - quish'd, her spir - it is the same, Ma -

Ag - gie cheers go thun - d'ring up - ward, like a can - nons roar; Then
roon and White has won the fight, her boys have play'd the game; Once

cheer with might and main, sing out the glad re - train:
more well sing and cheer for Al - ma Ma - ter dear:

REFRAIN

Ag - gie, my Ag - gie, We are here to cheer you on to

vic - to - ry. So you must fight on, oh Ag - gie, if

you would nev - er, nev - er know de -feat; - You do your

best boys, loy - al to your col - ors then you'll be; Be - lov - ed

Ag - gie, my Ag - gie, fight on to vic - to - ry. D.C.

Yell: Mass! Mass! Ra-Ra-Ra-Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, Massachusetts,
 Massachusetts, M-A-S-S-A-C-H-U-S-E-T-T-S, Massachusetts,
 Team, Team! Team.

BOOST OLD AGGIE

Words and Music by
E. K. WATTS

PIANO

1. Ag - gie's flag is float - ing o'er the cam - pus, Float - ing free and bright,
2. Ag - gie holds a - loft her no - ble stan - dard, Bids the world take heed;

Ag - gie's men are scat - ter'd o'er the na - tion, Men of brain and might.
Ag - gie writes a - broad her earn - est pur - pose, Where the world may read.

Ag - gie calls us to a loy - al ser - vice, Cour - age true and strong;
When her e - ne - mies most thick - ly gath - er, We her sons will stand;

She will lead where the world has need, And we'll fol - low with a song.
 Fighting still with a might - y will, Fling our war cry o'er the land.

Boost old Ag - gie, Sing her prais - es in a joy - ful cho - rus;

Al - ma Ma - ter, Let her hon - or be the goal be - fore us.

Raise her col - ors, They shall lead us to a brave suc - cess;

Boost old Ag - gie, Long may she live her loy - al sons to bless.

COLLEGE HYMN

Words and Music by
D. P. MILLER
'08

Moderato

TENOR I & II



Our Col - lege dear, 'tis e'er for thee We raise on
We praise the hills and val - leys near That watch o'er
Our pray'rs shall ev - er be for thee, Our Al - ma

BASS I & II



high our hymn of praise; For thee and thy Ma - roon and
thee with their sweet cheer, Thy ster- ling worth, thy man - ly
Ma - ter, M. A. C. Thy col - lege of all oth - ers



white, Our own Bay State, and col - ors bright, Our cho - rus
zeal, Thy will - ing hands and hearts of steel, Thy spir - it
blest, The col - lege that our hearts love best. May God's own



shall in tri - umph roll, Thy prais - es be for - ev - er told!
brave that knows no fear, To these we ech - o back our cheer!
bless - ing rest with thee, Our Al - ma Ma - ter, M. A. C!



LEAD ON, O MASSACHUSETTS

(A NEW COLLEGE HYMN)

35

Words and Music by
FRED D. GRIGGS, '13

Melody in 2nd Tenor

1. A might-y host goes march-ing a - long the broad high-way Where yeo-men hale have
2. Those years which marked the dawn-ing of coun-try midst the fray, Found men of might to
3. Youth beck-ons ev - er on-ward and time can not be stay'd. Each goal, at last, will

blazed a trail un - to a bet-ter day. Each year, the world moves fast - er; the
lead the fight, from Pil-grim stock came they. While strong arms guid - ed plow-shares, keen
be sur-pass'd when men are un - dis - may'd. O Thou, who know-est all things, our

van - guard knows no rest; Fit as of yore, face to the fore, Old Bay State gives her best
minds solved prob-lems new; No task too hard, no fail-ure marred; Old Bay State's sons stood true. {Lead
guide, E - ter - nal light; Teach us to hear, Thy word so clear, That we may choose a - right}

REFRAIN

Somewhat slower

on, O Mas-sa - chu-setts, Lead on in word and deed, Point out the way in

this great day and bid the na-tions heed; Press on O Al - ma Ma-ter, With

vis - ion born of zeal, 'Til all are met, one pur-pose set, To serve the com-mon weal.

CHEER FOR OLD AMHERST

Words and Music by
J. N. PIERCE '02

Tempo di Marcia



1. Come and sing, all ye loyal Amherst men, Come and
 2. Soon our foe shall our strength in conflict know, Soon our

give a rous-ing cheer, Join our line as we
 pow-er they shall feel, Van-quish'd then they'll give

march a-long so fine, With hearts that have no fear.
way to Am-herst men, Whose cords are strong as steel.

Left and right 'neath the pur - ple and the white, We will.
Then let's hear ring - ing out an - oth - er cheer, Which will.

march in bold ar - ray, So ev - 'ry - bod - y
drive de -feat a - way, So ev - 'ry - bod - y

shout and sing, for this is old Am - herst's day.
shout and sing, for this is old Am - herst's day.

CHORUS

Cheer for old Am - herst Am - herst must win, _____

Fight to the fin - ish, Nev - er give in, _____

All play - your best, boys, We'll do - the rest, boys,

Fight for the vic - to - ry. _____

MEN OF DARTMOUTH

39

Words by
RICHARD HOVEY '85

Music by
H. R. WELLMAN '07

give a rouse
men of old
set a watch

1. Men of Dart-mouth give a rouse
2. They were might-y men of old
3. Men of Dart-mouth, set a watch

For the col-lege on the
That she nur-tured at her
Lest the old tra-di-tions

give a rouse
men of old
set a watch

hill, _____ For the lone pine a - bove her, And the
side; _____ Till like Vi - kings they went forth From the
fail! _____ Stand as broth - er stands by broth - er! Dare a

loy - al sons who love her; Give a rouse, give a rouse with a
lone and si - lent North, — And they strove and they wrought, and they
deed for the old Moth - er! Greet the world, from the hills, with a

(in octaves)

ff

will. For the sons of old Dart-mouth, the stur - dy sons of
died; But the sons of old Dart-mouth, the lau - relled sons of
hail! For the sons of old Dart-mouth, the loy - al sons of

ff

Dart-mouth, Tho' 'round the gir - dled earth they roam, Her - spell on them re -
Dart-mouth, The Moth - er keeps them in her heart, And gaurds their al - tar -
Dart-mouth, A - round the world they keep for her Their old chiv - al - ric

mains.
flame;
faith;

They have the still North in their hearts, The
The still North re - mem - bers them, The
They have the still North in their souls, The

hill winds in their veins,
hill winds know their name,
hill winds in their breath;

And the gran-ite of New
And the gran-ite of New
And the gran-ite of New

Hamp - shire In their mus - cles and their brains: And the
Hamp - shire Keeps the rec - ord of their fame. And the
Hamp - shire Is made part of them till death. And the

gran-ite of New Hamp-shire In their mus - cles and their brains:
gran-ite of New Hamp-shire Keeps the rec - ord of their fame.
gran-ite of New Hamp-shire Is made part of them till death.

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

Red. *

THE MOUNTAINS

Words and Music by
DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, '59
(Williams)

Allegretto



1. O, proud - ly rise the mon - archs of our
2. The snows of win - ter crown them with a
3. O, might - i - ly they bat - tle with the
4. Be - - neath their peace - ful shad - ows may old



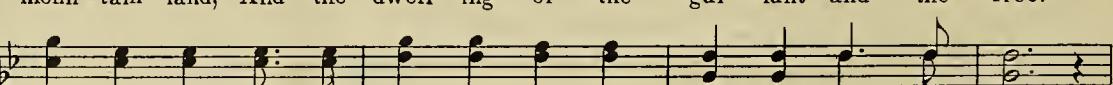
moun - tain land With their king - ly for - est robes to the
crys - tal crown, And the sil - ver clouds of sum-mer round them.
storm king's pow'r; And con - quer - ors shall tri - umph here for
Wil - liams stand Till suns and moun - tains nev - er - more shall



sky, Where Al - ma Ma - ter dwell - eth with their
cling; The an - tumn's scar - let man - tle flows in
aye; Yet qui - et - ly their shad - ows fall at
be, The glo - ry and the hon - or of our



cho - sen band, Where the peace - ful riv - er flow - eth gen - tly by
rich - ness down And they rev - el in the gar - ni - ture of spring
eve - ning hour, While the gen - tle breez - es round them soft - ly play.
moun - tain land, And the dwell - ing of the gal - lant and the free.



CHORUS

The moun - tains! the moun - tains! we greet them with a song, whose

ech - oes — re - bound - ing — their wood - land heights a - long, Shall

min - gle — with an - themes that winds and foun - tains sing, Till

hill and val - ley gai - ly, gai - ly ring.

FAIR HARVARD.

Andante, mf

1. Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with bless - ings sur-ren-der thee
 2. To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in - fan - tile

o'er, By these fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait - ing be -
 years, When our fa-thers had warned, and our moth-ers had prayed, And our sis - ters had blest, thro' their

fore. O rel - ic and type of our an - ces-tor's worth, That has long kept their mem - o - ry
 tears; Thou then wert our pa-rent, the nurse of our souls, We were mould - ed to man - hood by

warm, First flow'r of their wil - der - ness! star of their night, Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm!
 thee, Till freighted with treasure - tho's friendships, and hopes, Thou did'st launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea.

3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
 To what kindlings the season gives birth!
 Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
 Than descend on less privileged earth;
 For the good and the great, in their beau-tiful prime,
 Through thy precincts have musingly trod;
 As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
 That make glad the fair city of God.

4 Farewell! be thy desti-nies onward and bright!
 To thy children the lesson still give,
 With freedom to think, and with patience to bear.
 And for right ever bravely to live.
 Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
 As the world on truth's current glides by;
 Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love
 Till the stock of the Puritans die.

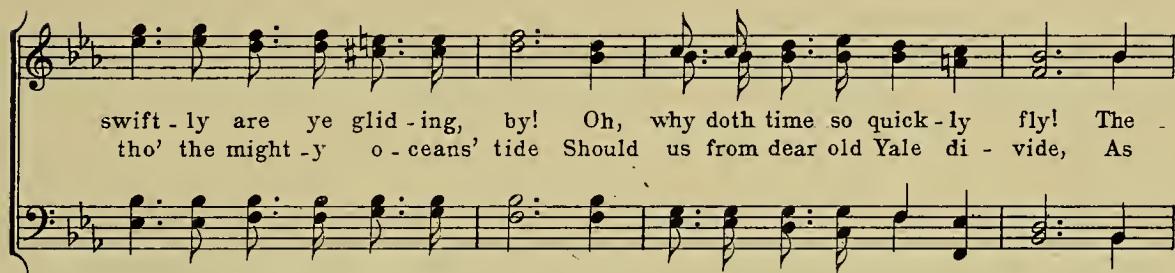
BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS

H S DURAND, '81
(YALE)

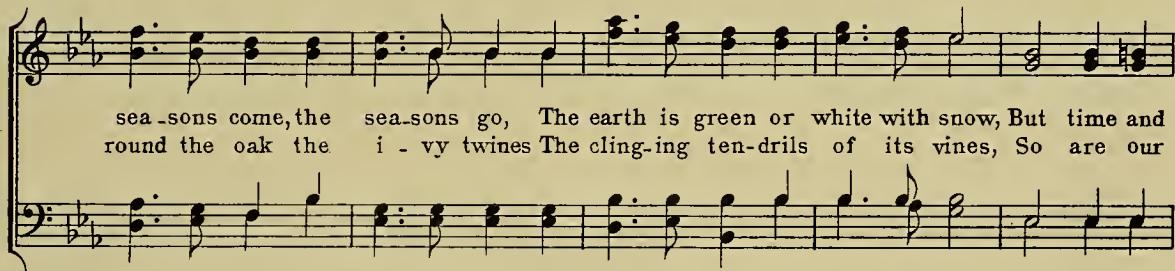
CARL WILHELM



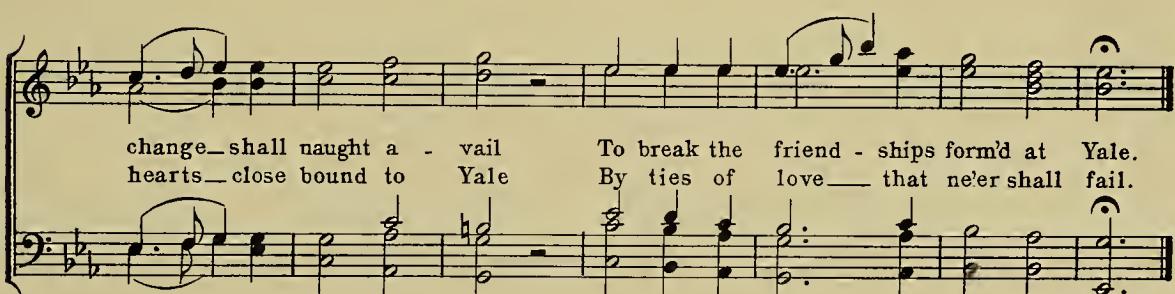
1. Bright college years, with pleasure ripe, The short-est glad-dest years of life; How
 2. We all must leave this col-lege home, A - bout the storm-y world to roam; But



swif - ly are ye glid - ing, by! Oh, why doth time so quick - ly fly! The
 tho' the might - y o - ceans' tide Should us from dear old Yale di - vide, As



sea - sons come, the sea - sons go, The earth is green or white with snow, But time and
 round the oak the i - vy twines The cling-ing ten-drils of its vines, So are our



change - shall naught a - vail To break the friend - ships form'd at Yale.
 hearts - close bound to Yale By ties of love - that ne'er shall fail.

3.

In after life, should troubles rise
 To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
 How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze
 The happy, golden, bygone days!
 Oh, let us strive that ever we
 May let these words our watch-cry be,
 Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
 "For God, for Country, and for Yale!"

THE RED AND BLUE

HARRY E. WESTERVELT, '98

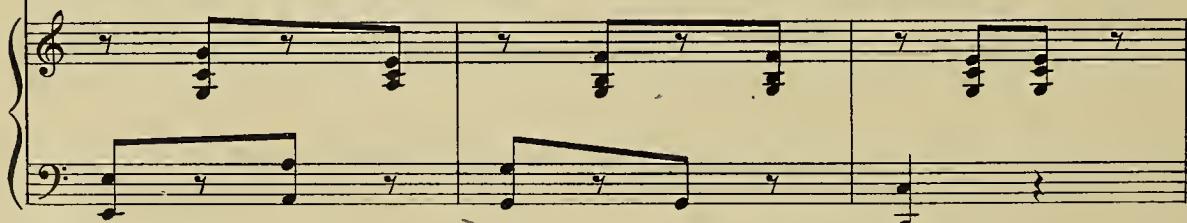
W. J. GOECKEL, '96



mf

1. Come all ye loy - al
 2. One col - or's in the
 3. How oft - en when on
 4. And then up - on the
 5. And now thro' all the

class - men now, In hall and cam - pus through, Lift
 blush - ing rose, The oth - er tints the clouds, And
 fields of sport, We've seen our boys go through, The
 breast of her, Whose heart beats warm and true, It
 years to come, In midst of toil and care, We'll



up your heart and voi - ces for the Roy - al Red and
 when to - geth - er both dis - close We're hap - py as the
 ver - y air was rent in twain With cheers for Red and
 is the dear - est sight of all To see our Red and
 get new in - spi - ra - tion from The col - ors wav - ing

Blue, Fair Har - vard has her crim - son Old
 gods, We ask no oth - er em - blem No
 Blue, We knew that vic - try then was ours All
 Blue, She wears them with a smile so bright It
 there, And when to all our col - lege life We've

Yale her col - ors too, But for - dear Penn - syl -
 oth - er sign to view, We on - ly ask to
 else we might es - chew, If on - ly we could
 wakes our hearts a - new, To swear e - ter - nal
 said our last a - dieu, Well nev - er say a -

va - ni - a, We wear the Red and Blue.
 see and cheer Our col - ors Red and Blue.
 wave and sing, Our col - ors Red and Blue.
 loy - al - ty, To dear old Red and Blue.
 dieu to thee, Our col - ors Red and Blue.

ff CHORUS *Unison*

Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Penn-syl - va - ni - a, Hur - rah for the red and the

Blue; Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah for the Red and Blue.

Without Accomp.

1st TENOR

2d TENOR *Melody*

Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Penn-syl - va - ni - a, Hur - rah for the Red and the

1st BASS

2d BASS

Blue; — Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hu - rah for the Red and Blue.

ALMA MATER

49

(Cornell)

(MEN'S VOICES)

Words by ARCHIBALD C. WEEKS
Cornell '72H. S. THOMPSON
Melody "Annie Lisle"

(Melody in 2nd Tenor)

1. Far a-bove Cay - u - ga's wa - ters, With its waves of blue, Stands our no - ble
 2. Sen - try-like o'er lake and val - ley, Tow'r's her re - gal form, Watch and ward for -
 3. To the glo - ry of her found - er. Rise her state - ly walls; May her sons pay
 4. In the mu - sic of the wa - ters, As they glide a - long, In the mur - mur
 5. Here by flood and foam - ing tor - rent, Gorge and rock - y dell, Pledge we faith and

Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - ri - ous to view. Far a-bove the dis - tant hum - ming
 ev - er keep - ing, Brav - ing time and storm. So thro' clouds of doubt and dark - ness
 e - qual tri - bute Wher - e'er du - ty calls. When with mo - ments swift - ly fleet - ing
 of the breez - es, With their whis - per'd song; In the tune - ful cho - rus blend - ing
 hom - age ev - er To our loved Cor - nell. May time ne'er ef - face the mem - 'ry

Of the bus - y town, Reard a - gainst the arch of heav - en, Looks she proudly down.
 Gleam her bea - con light, Fault and er - ror clear re - veal - ing, Blaz - ing forth the right.
 A - ges roll be - tween, Ma - ny yet un - born shall hail her Al - ma Ma - ter, Queen!
 With each peal - ing bell, One re - strain seems oft re - peat - ed, "Hail, all hail, Cor - nell!"
 Of her na - tal day, And her name and fame be hon - ord Far and wide, al - way.

CHORUS

Lift the cho - rus, speed it on - ward, Loud her prais - es tell,

Hail to thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail to thee, Cor - nell!

THE PRAYER OF JOHN CHAPMAN

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

CHARLES DIVEN CAMPBELL

p

1. O Father in Heaven, Thy sun-shine and rain Send down on these plant-ings of our dai-ly joy and pain! Grant

fruit-age a thous-and-fold for all our fel-low-men, And

rest 'neath the stars un-til the morn-ing come a-gain!

2. O Father in Heaven, Thy holy angels send
To guide our homeward journey till Thy smile shall crown the end!
As orchards in springtime may our lives be fragrant then,
When Heaven gleams through death and when the morning comes again.

3. O Father in Heaven, hear Thou our evening prayer!
O grant us, until the harvest strip our branches bare,
To walk in the sunlight of Eternity, and then
To rest 'neath the stars until Thy morning come again!

LOVELY NIGHT

CHWATAL

TENOR I & II

BASS I & II

p *f* *f*

1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spreading o - ver hill and
 2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -

p *f* *f*

mead - ow, Soft and slow thy ha - zy shad - ow; Soon our wea - ried
 fore us; Hap - pi - ness thou shed - dest o'er us; Oh, that we might

eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
 ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn!

p *f* *calando* *pp*

Soon our wea - ried eye-lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
 Oh, that we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth, to weep and mourn!

p *f* *calando* *pp*

SON OF A GAMBOLIER

TENOR I & II

1. Oh; Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb Whose fleece was white as snow, And
 2. And so the teach-er turn'd him out, But still he lin-ger'd near, And

BASS I & II

ev - 'ry where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go; It
 wait - ed pa - tient - ly a - bout Till Ma - ry did ap - pear What

fol - low'd her to school one day, Which was a - gainst the rule, For it
 makes the lamb love Ma - ry so? The ea - ger chil - dren cry; "Cause

made the chil - dren laugh and play To see a lamb at school.
 Ma - ry loves the lamb you know" The teach - er did re - ply.

Come, join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tip - pery town I steer; Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low I take my la - ger beer; Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low I drink my whis - key clear, I'm a

ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gam - bo - lier, the

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, the

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I drink my whis - key clear, I'm a

D.C.

ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gam - bo - lier.

AGGIE.

A MARCHING OR STREET SONG.

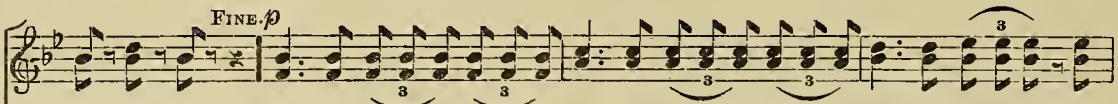
CHORUS. TENORS. *Tempo di Marcia.*

Here's to M. A. C., drink it down, drink it down, Here's to M. A. C., drink it down, drink it down,

BASSES.



Here's to M. A. C., Ev-er bus-y as a bee, drink it down, drink it down, drink it



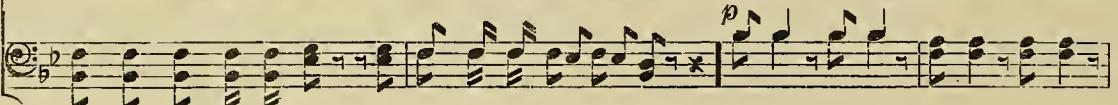
down, down, down. Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, way



down on the Ag-gie farm. We won't go home an-y more, We won't go home an-y more, We



won't go home an-y more, Way down on the Ag-gie farm. Ag-gie, Ag-gie, Ag-gie, Ag-gie,



Ag-gie, Ag-gie, Way down on the Ag-gie farm. A-G-G-I-E. . . .

(spoken.)



THE BULL-DOG.

55

Moderato. mf

SOLO. FIRST TENOR.

SOLO. FIRST TENOR.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

Oh! the
Oh! the

SOLO. FIRST BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

attacca il chor. f Chorus. Allegro.

bull-dog on the bank,
bull-dog stooped to catch him,

AIR. Oh! the bull dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to

SOLO. SECOND BASS. *rit ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa-ter-fool.
catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, The polly-wog died a laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.

Sing-ing tra la la la { la la la, . . . sing-ing tra la la la { la la la, . . . Sing-ing

tra la la la la, sing-ing tra la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la { la la la.
leil - i - o, . . . leil - i - o, . . . leil - i - o,

repeat pp

3 Says the monkey to the owl:

“ Oh! what’ll you have to drink ? ”
“ Why, since you are so very kind,
I’ll take a bottle of ink.”

4 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

Says the tom-cat to the dog:
“ Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jules about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo, incog.

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat:

“ Oh! what do you think they’re at ?
They’re spooning in the dead of night:
But where’s the harm in that ? ”

7 Pharaoh’s daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh’s daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the water,
Pharaoh’s daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

Andante.

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas

tres.

from from Aunt Di - nah's quilting party, I was see - ing Nel - lie home. home.

*Chorus. *mf**

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

from from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see ing Nel - lie home.

*repeat *pp*.*

3
 On my lips a whisper trembled,
 Trembled till it dared to come;
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.

4
 On my life new hopes were dawning,
 And those hopes have lived and grown;
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
 I was seeing Nellie home.

MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto. mf

1. In Brook-lyn ci - ty there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
 2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key was his name; His
 3. Mc - Clos - key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the donk - ey would - n't stop; And he

moth-er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri Jane; And ev-e-ry Sat-ur-day
 fight-ing weight was seven stone ten And he loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He took her to ride in his
 threw Ma - ri Jane right o ver his head, Right in - to a pol - i - cy shop; When Mc - Clos - key saw that

morn - ing She used to go o - ver the riv - er, And went to market where
 char - coal cart On a fine St Pat - rick's day, But the donkey took fright at a
 ter - ri - ble sight; His heart it was moved with pi - ty, So he stabbed the donkey with a

she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like - wise liv - er.
 Jer -sey man, And started and ran a - way.
 bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci - ty.

Chorus. *f*

For oh!.. For oh!.. he was my dar-ling

*Shouted.**Repeat chorus *p**

boy, FOR he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

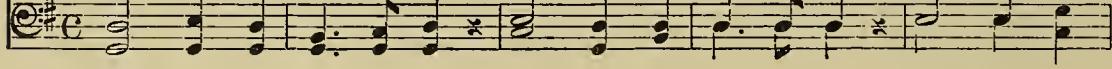
*Andante moderato.**p dolce.*

(SERENADE.)

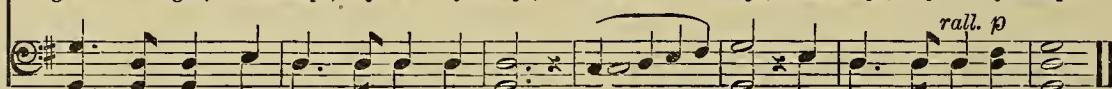
MEN'S VOICES.



1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in

p dolce.

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.



LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

Andante con moto.

TENORS. (AIR IN 2D TENOR.)



1. Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver;
 2. The man who drinks good whis - key punch And goes to bed quite mel - low.
 3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure And goes to bed quite so - ber,

BASSES.



For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, . . . For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, . . .
 He lives just as he ought to live, He lives just as he ought to live. He
 He falls just as the leaves do fall, He falls just as the leaves do fall, He



For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.
 lives just as he ought to . . . live, And dies a jolly good fel - low.
 falls just as the leaves do . . . fall, So ear - ly in Oc - to - ber.



The solos usually sung at Harvard to this music are college songs, which contain so many local names and allusions as to render them uninteresting to all but Harvard students. Some familiar verses from Longfellow's *Excelsior* are therefore inserted for the solo parts of the song.

Imitating a watchman's rattle

Copyright, 1859, by O. H. Wilson & Co.

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Tral la la, Tral la la!
Half buried in the snow was found,
 Tral la la la la!
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
 Curious

CHORUS.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

HOBART VERSION.

SOPRANO & ALTO.



1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb,

TENOR.



2. It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day, It followed her to school one day,

BASS.



Its fleece was white as snow; And ev - ery-where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went,



It was a - gainst the rule. It made the chil - dren laugh and play, laugh and play, laugh and play,



Unison of all parts in this measure.



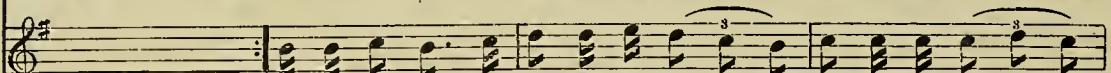
Ev - ery-where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go. Bleat-ing of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah,



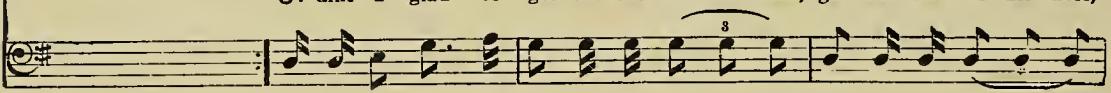
Made the chil - dren laugh and play, To see the lamb in school.



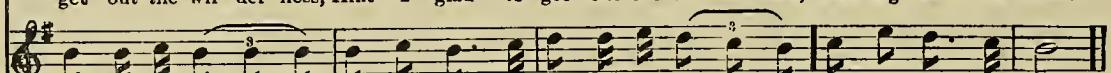
Ba - a - a - ah, O! aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness.



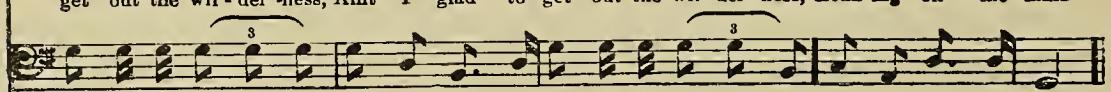
O! aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness,



get out the wil - der - ness, Aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Lean-ing on the lamb.



get out the wil - der - ness, Aint I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Lean-ing on the lamb



THE OLD CABIN HOME

T. Paine
Arranged by A. La Meda*Moderato*

1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am go - ing to leave this land With . . . this our dark - ey band, To . . .
 3. When old age comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, I will
 4. 'Tis . . . there where I roam, On the old farm far a - way, Where

Mis - sis-sip - pi riv - er I am go - ing. I will take my old ban - jo, And I'll
 trav - el all the wide world o - ver, And when I get tired I will
 hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; I'll sit down by the fire, And I'll
 all the dark-ies am free; O . . . mer - ri-ly sound the ban-jo For de

sing this lit - tle song, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . . .
 set - tle down to rest, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . . .
 pass the time a - way, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . . .
 white folks round de room, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . . .

CHORUS

Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . . Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er, . . .

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its moth - er. . .

SAILING

GODFREY MARKS

Con spirito

1. Y'heave hol . . . my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
 2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
 3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave hol my lads, set ev - 'ry

lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall
 sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es
 sail; The har - bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare - well, once more, to
 cres.

brave - ly steer, But ere we part from Eng - land's shores to - night, A song we'll
 on . . . the wave; A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With jo - cund
 home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, That home shall

CHORUS

sing for home and beau - ty bright. Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who
 song he rides the spark - ling foam.
 be . . . our guid - ing star and song.

REFRAIN

will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue! . . . Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main; For

ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing,

SERENADE

FRANZ SCHUBERT
Arranged by N. Clifford Page

Moderato

1. Through the leaves the nightwinds mov - ing, Mur - mur low and sweet, Mur - mur low and sweet.
 2. Moonlight on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rus-tling low, Winds are rus-tling low.

marcato

Mur - mur
Winds are sweet.
low.

Mur - mur
Winds are sweet.
low.

Led my feet.
Let us go.

Led my feet.
Let us go.

Si - silent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing, Link us, though a - part, Link us, though a - part.
 All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee, While I sing to thee

On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing To . . . thy dream-ing heart, To thy dream-ing heart.
 And the night for love was giv - en, Dear - est, come to me, Dear - est, come to me.

SERENADE

Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing,
 Sad - ly mourn - ing Wails the whip - poor -
 Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing,
 Sad - ly walks the whip - poor -

will, And the heart for thee is yearn - ing, Bid it, love, be still,
 Walls the whip - poor - will, will,

be still *dim. e rit.* Bid it,
 Bid it, love, be still, Bid it, love, be still...

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Translated from the German by LOUIS C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL (1810-1858)

*Andante**poco rit.**cres. e poco accel. al. . . . f*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then, whate'er be-falls me, I
 2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I
 3. I think of thee with long-ing; Thiuik thou, when tears are strong-ing, That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll

Tempo 1. tranquillo e molto espress

go where hon-or calls me. Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Farewell, fare-well, my own true love.
 see the foe ad-vanc-ing. Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Farewell, fare-well, my own true love.
 whis-per soft, while dy-ing, Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Farewell, fare-well, my own true love.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.



1. There's mu - sic in the air When the in - fant morn is nigh; And faint its blush is

1st TENOR.



2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re - flects a gold en



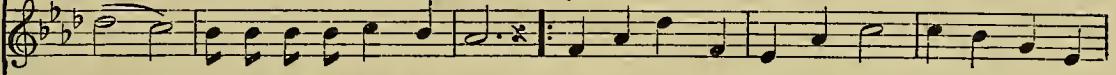
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is iost on eve - ning's



seen, On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - sta - tie sound, With its thrill of



light On the dis-tant mountain stream. When be - neath some grate-ful shade, Sor-row's ach-ing



breast, As its pensive beau-ties die. Then, O then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-



dimin.

2nd time pp

joy pro - found, While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air



head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.



les tial song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for - got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've wan - der'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn, Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.

Swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot, Com-ing for to car - ry me home, Swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot,

Com ing for to car - ry me home. 1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see.
 2. If you get there be - fore I do.

Coming for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels coming aft - er me, Coming for to car - ry me home.
 Coming for to car - ry me home, Telli all my friends I'm com - ing too, Coming for to car - ry me home

3 The brightest day that ever I saw,
 Coming for to carry me home
 When Jesus washed my sins away,
 Coming for to carry me home
 Swing low, etc.

4 I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
 Coming for to carry me home.
 But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
 Coming for to carry me home.
 Swing low, etc.

Print for transmission.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

67

BEN JONSON, (1573-1637).

Old English Air. Date uncertain.
Arranged by W. A. F.*Very smoothly and rather slow.*

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, . . .
I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . .

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine; . . .
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me; . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I. would not change for thine. . . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee. . . .

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto.

1. Way down in the mead - ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the
 2. She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she
 3. Ev - e - li - na and I one fine eve - ning in June Took a
 4. Three years have gone by and I've not - got a dollar; Ev - e -

mf

wind from the mountains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the
 nev - er was known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her
 walk all a - lone by the light of the moon; The plan - ets all shone for the
 li - na still lives in that green, grass - y holler; Al - though I am fa - ted to

sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
 rav - en black hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there
 heav - ens were clear, And I felt round the heart most tre - men - dous - ly queer.
 mar - ry her never, I've sworn that I'll love her for - ev - er and ever.

CHORUS.

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die;

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

JUANITA.

MIXED VOICES.

Arranged by A. LA MEDA.

Andante.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling-ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam-ing

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm-light loves to dwell,
Proveth thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro, mf

1. Dashing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

mf

Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring Mak-ing spir - its bright; What
 seat - ed by my side. The horse was lean and lark'; Mis-fort - une seem'd his lot; He
 sing this sleigh-ing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for - ty for his speed; Then

Chorus.**f*

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
 got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

MASSAS IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Round de mead-ows am a-ring - ing De dark - ies' mourn - ful song, While de
 2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, Wheu de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
 3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey



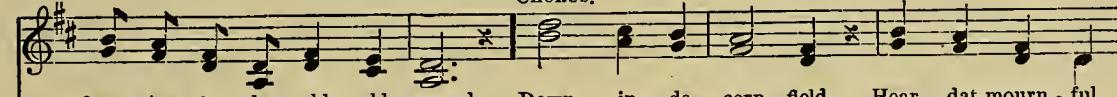
mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
 hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
 sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem' behind. I can - not work be - fore to -



creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing,
 bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
 mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,



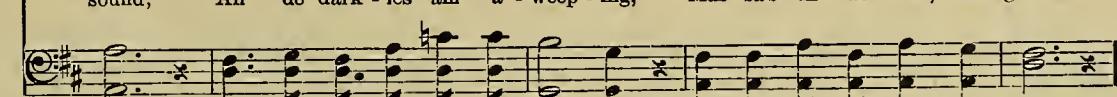
CHORUS.



Sleep - ing in de cold, cold - ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful
 Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
 Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.



sound; All de dark - ies am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Edited by N. CLIFFORD PAGE.
Poco adagio.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the
 3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may

gay. The corn - top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
 shore, They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
 go ; A few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the

birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With
 field where the su-gar canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n by Hard Times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my
 sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
 mat-ter,'twil nev-er be light, A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Theu my

CHORUS.
SOPRANO.

old Ken-tuck-y home, Good-night! Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS. *p*

sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

ritard.

D.C.

ritard.

D.C.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIBBER.)

MEN'S VOICES.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

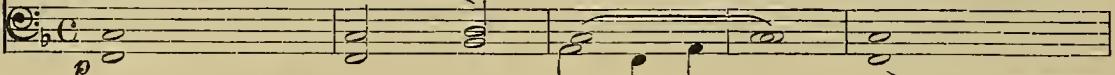
Arranged by A. LA MEDA.

SOLO.



1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, Dere's whar my heart is
 2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young, Den man - y hap - py
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love, Still sad - ly to my

TENORS.

pp Humming.
BASSES.

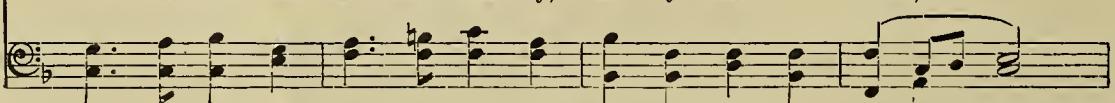
turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's whar de old folks stay. . . All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
 days I squandered, Man - y de songs I sung. . . When I was play-ing wid my brud-der,
 mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. . . When will I see de bees a hum-ming,



Sad - ly I roam, Still long-ing for de old planta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Hap - py was I; Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
 All 'round de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eh - 'ry whar I roam, . . .



(Melody marked.)

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home. . .

Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea-ry,

OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear, that I

cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I
 friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
 held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

CHORUS.

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my
 head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

NELLIE WAS A LADY.

1. Down on the Mis-sis-sip-pi float-ing, Long time I tra-bbel o'er the way;
 2. All night the cot-ton-wood l's tot-ing, Singing for my true lub ail the day;
 Now I'se un-hap-py, and I'se weep-ing; Can't tote the cot-ton wood no more,
 Last night when Nel-lie was a sleep-ing, Death came a-knocking at the door

Nel-lie was a la-dy, last night she died; Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell, my dark Vir-gin-ia bride
 Oh, Nel-lie was a la-dy, last night she died, Toll the
 bell for lub-ly Nell, my dar-key bride, Oh, Nel-lie was a la-dy,
 my dar-key bride,
 last night she died, Toll the bell for lub-ly Nell my dark-ey bride.

After last verse.

Nel-lie was a la-dy, she was; last night she died, she did;
 Toll the bell for lub-ly Nell, my dark Vir-gin-ia bride, she was

THE LORELEY

FRIEDRICH SILCHER, (1789-1860)

Andante con moto

ANNIE LAURIE.

Verses and music by LADY JOHN SCOTT. (MIXED VOICES.)

Arranged by A. LA MEDA.

SOPRANO-ALTO.



1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
 3. Like dew on th' gow-an ly - ing, Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like

TENOR-BASS.



there that An - nie Lau - rie Gi'ed me her prom - ise true; Gi'ed me her prom - ise true, Which
 face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
 winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's



ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.



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TARPAULIN JACKET.

ARTHUR NASH.

(MEN'S VOICES.)

Arranged by A. LA MEDA.

TENORS.



1. Wrap me up in a tar - pau - lin jack - et, . To speed a poor duf - fer be -
 2. Then get six, jol - ly, loy - al fore - top men, With a rol - lick - ing, roy - al yo -
 3. Then two white hol - ly tab - lets ob - tain, sir, At my head and my feet to be -

BASSES.



ritard.



low; . Bid six jol - ly sail-or-men bear me, With a step so - ber, measured, and slow . . .
 ho, . To drink down a six-gal - lon grog, sir, To the health of the duf - fer be - low! . . .
 stow, And chis - el up - on them this line, sir, "To the jol - ly poor duf - fer be - low!" . . .



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LAST NIGHT.

English version by THEODORE MARZIALS
(after German translation by CHR. WINTHER, from the Swedish).

HALFDAN KJERULF.

Andante.

1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still; It
 2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I
 3. Oh, think not I can for - get you; I could not, though I would; I

pp (CHORUS, humming.) *pp* *rit.*

sang in the gold - en moon - light From out . . . the wood - land hill. I
 wake and would you were here, love, And tears . . . are blinding my sight. I
 see you in all a - round me, The stream, the. night, the wood, The

dolce, a tempo.

o - pen'd my win - dow so gent - ly, I look'd on the dream - ing dew, . . . And
 hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, And
 flow - ers that slum - ber so gent - ly, The stars a - bove the blue; . . . Oh!

ppp a tempo. *p*

f *dim.* *rit.*

oh! the bird, my dar - ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
 oh! the night, my dar - ling, Is sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
 heaven it - self, my dar - ling, Is pray - ing, pray - ing for you, for you.

pp *rit.*

MASSACHUSETTS! SOIL OF GLORY!

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

Broad and majestic



Massa - chu - setts! Soil of glo - ry! Mas - sa - chu - setts! Ev - er young!
 Massa - chu - setts! Con - se - cra - tion Glows through all thy might - y past!



Be thy name in hon - or'd sto - ry Through the ag - es ev - er sung!
 Massa - chu - setts! In - spi - ra - tion For all times while time shall last!



Vir - ile youth and gray - haired sire Bear thy torch of hal - low'd fire!
 Vir - ile youth and gray - haired sire Bear thy torch of hal - low'd fire!



Massa - chu - setts! Soil of glo - ry! Be thy name for - ev - er sung!
 Massa - chu - setts! Con - se - cra - tion Of the fu - ture and the past!



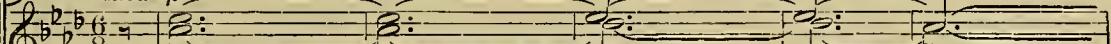
MY LAST CIGAR.

Arranged by A. LA MEDA

SOLO.



1. 'Twas off the blue Ca-na-ry Isles, A glo-rious sum-mer day, I sat up-on the
2. I leaned up-on the quar-ter rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en there the pur-p
3. I watched the ash-es as it came Fast draw-ing to the end; I watched it as a
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis-tance dim, I've watched above the

TENORS. *p*

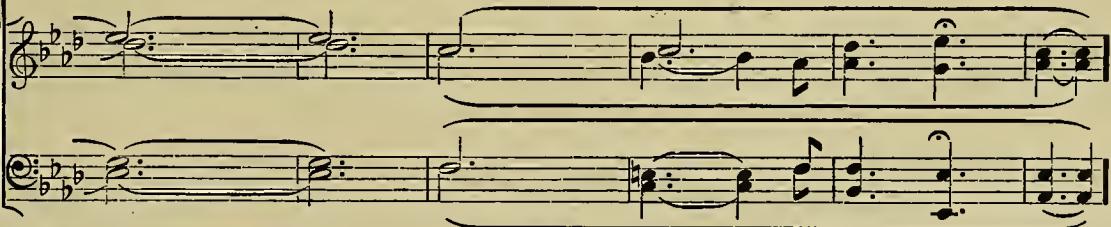
(Humming)

p

BASSES.



in-cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci-gar.
 do with wast-ing care? A-las! the trem-bling tear proclaimed It was my last ci-gar.
 van-ished in-to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It was my last ci-gar.
 could with that com-pare, When off the blue Ca-na-ry Isles, I smoked my last ci-gar.



ritard.

It was my last ci-gar, It was my last ci-gar; I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last cigar.



SOLOMON LEVI.

Composed by FRED SEAPER.

Allegretto.

1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi. At my store on Sa - lem
 2. And if a bum - mer comes a - long To my store on Sa - lem



street, That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev - 'ry-thing that's neat; I've
 street, And tries to hang me up for coats And vests so ve - ry neat; I



sec - ond - hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry - thing that's fine, For
 kicks the bum mer right out of my store And on him sets my pup, For I



all the boys, they trade with me, At a hun-dred and for - ty - nine.
 wont sell cloth-ing to an - y man Who tries to set me up.



CHORUS. UNISON.

O, Sol-o-mon Le-vi! Le-vi! tra la la la! Poor sheen-y Le-vi.

f

SOPRANO.

TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA, My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Sa-le-m

TENOR.

BASS.

street; That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev'-ry-thing else that's neat; Sec - ond-hand-ed tra la la.

Ulsterettes and ev'-rything else that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and forty-nine

D. C.

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

Larghetto

JOSEPH BARNBY

6 pp

1 Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . . Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . . Rest, rest on

pp

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . . O - - - ver the the
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . . Fa - - - ther will will
 O - - - ver the roll come to his
 Fa - - - ther will come to his

mf

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, O - - - ver the roll come to his
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Fa - - - ther will come to his

pp

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
 wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, and blow, the west,
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - hae in - ters go, Come : - ver from sails the out moon and blow, the west,

rall. e dim.

me, . . . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
 moon: . . Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

rall. e dim.

THE TWO ROSES.

WERNER.

6 Andante. mf

1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with mern - ing shew - ers,
 2. Thus in leaves of white ar - rayed, Not a speck to dim them,
 3. Like her cheeks the blush - ing ray, Which the bud en - clos - es,

cres.

THE TWO ROSES.

Gemm'd with dew, in fra - grace grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath-ered two sweet
 S, I find the spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot - less maid, In - no-cen - ce's
 Bright - er far than you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ons,
 flow - ers Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
 em - blem. Tell me, ro - ses, etc.
 ro - ses. Tell me, ro - ses, etc.

From "Arion," by permission.

WHAT BEAMS SO BRIGHT?

KREUTZER.

1. What beams so bright from the moun - tain height A - midst the stars of the so - ber night? What
 2. Who breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour With songs so sol - emn of depth and power? Who
 3. What sound comes down up - on the gale, In meas - ured beat through the mis - ty vale? What
 beams so bright from the mountain height A-midst the stars of the so - ber night? 'Tis the light on the ho - ly
 breaks the sleep of the si - lent hour With songs so sol - emn of depth and power? 'Tis the ho - ly choir in the
 sound comes down up - on the gale, In meas - ured beat through the mis - ty vale? 'Tis the sig - nal bell to the
 chap - el wall, In - vit - ing the pil - grim to pray in its hall: 'Tis the light on the ho - ly chap - el wall, In
 hymn of even, Now chanting their praise to their God in Heav'n. 'Tis the ho - ly choir in the hymn of even, Now
 wan-dring guest, Now call - ing the wea - ried pil - grim to rest. 'Tis the sig - nal bell to the wan-dring guest, Now
 vit - ing the pil - grim to pray in its hall; In - vit - ing the pil - grim to pray in its hall.
 chant - ing their praise to their God in Heav'n, Now chant - ing their praise to their God in Heav'n.
 call - ing the wea - ried pil - grim to rest. Now call - ing the wea - ried pil - grim to rest.

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AMERICA

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE)

First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Attributed to HENRY CAREY

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

HAIL! COLUMBIA

Origin of Hail! Columbia.—This popular National Song was written in 1798 by Judge Hopkinson. At that period a war with France was thought inevitable. Party-spirit ran high among all classes. A theatre was open in Philadelphia, and a young man who had some talent as a singer announced his benefit on its boards. He was acquainted with Judge Hopkinson and, discouraged at his prospect of success, called on him on Saturday afternoon and stated that he feared a loss instead of a benefit, but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of "The President's March," then quite popular, he might depend on a full house. The Judge replied that he would try to furnish one. The next afternoon the young man came again, and the song was handed him. It was announced on Monday morning. In the evening the theatre was crowded to excess, and continued to be night after night through the entire season—the song being loudly encored and repeated many times during each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including Members of Congress, and found favor with both parties, as neither could disavow its sentiments.

Text adapted to "The President's March," by Professor PHYL

(Which was first played when Washington came to New York to be inaugurated in 1789.)

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

New arrangement by N. Clifford Page

Maestoso

1. Hail! Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who
 2. Im - mor - tal Pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash - ing - ton's great name Ring
 4. Be - hold the chief who now com - mands, Once more to serve his coun - try, stands The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And
 no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious band In -
 through the world with loud ap - plause! Ring through the world with loud ap - plause! Let
 rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat! But

when the storm of war is gone, En - joyed the.. peace your val - or won; Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil . and . blood, the well-earned prize; While
ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With
armed in vir - tue, firm and' true, His hopes are.. fixed on Heav'n and you; When

In - de - pen - dence be your boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or Lib - er - ty.

ff CHORUS

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,

ff

As a band of broth - ers joined Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE
Allegretto

Air "John Brown's Body"

1. Mine . eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord ; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps ; They have
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel ; "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat ; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored ; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps ; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal ; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat ; Oh, be
 glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me ; As He

loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him ! be ju - bi - lant, my feet ! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS

Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! Hal - le - lu - jah !

Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! His truth is march - ing on.

GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH

1 ||: John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the 3 ||: He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the
 His soul is marching on. [grave, :|| His soul is marching on. [Lord ! :||

2 ||: The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down, :|| 4 ||: John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his
 On the grave of old John Brown. His soul is marching on. [back, :||

5 ||: His pet lambs will meet him on the way, :||
 And they'll go marching on.

HYMN TO AMERICA

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

BROOKES C. PETERS

Majestically

1. For - ev - er shine on our moun - tain heights! For - ev - er

dwell by our val - leys' streams! And may thy stars il -

lume the nights, Wher - e'er thy glo - ri - ous ban - ner gleams!

2. In thee unite the sovereign States!
In thee all trade and commerce live!
To all thou openest wide thy gates:
To all thy name and thy life dost give!

3. The little child thou dost protect;
The strongest man for his work inspire!
The wayward firmly dost correct;
And guard our homes from flood and fire!

4. Thy name we share from south to north!
Thine air we breathe from east to west!
Thy glory, America, leads us forth
In victory onwards toward the best!

5. O God, who givest the breath of Life
To peoples of the human race,
Make Thou our Land, in peace or strife,
A Nation strong, of up-lifted face!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

(THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE)

Words and Music by DAVID T. SHAW
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE*Moderato con spirito*

1. O Co-lum-bial the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, . The
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la-tion, And threatened the land to de - form, The
 3. "Old Glo - rv" to greet, now come hith-er, With eyes full of love to the brim; May the

Moderato con spirito

shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo-tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy
 ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her
 wreaths of our he - roes ne'er with-er, Nor a star of our han - ner grow dim; May the

man-dates make he - roes as - sem-ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
 gar-lands of vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But they to our col - ors prove true! The

ban - ners make ty - ran-ny trem-ble,
 flag proudly float-ing be - fore her,
 Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev-er,

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS

f

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, . . . Three
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, . . . Three
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, . . . Three

f

White and Blue,

cres.

cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, Thy ban-ners make ty - ran - ny
 cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, With her flag proud-ly float - ing be -
 cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, The Ar - my and Na - vy for -

cres.

White and Blue,

ff

trem - ble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . . .
 fore her, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . . .
 ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . . .

ff

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES

S. A. WARD, 1882
(*Materna*)

TENOR I & II

O beau - ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For
 O beau - ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas-sion'd stress. A
 O beau - ti-ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife. Who
 O beau - ti-ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years. Thine

BASS I & II

pur - ple moun-tain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -
 thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wild - er - ness! A -
 more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A -
 al - a - bas - ter ci - ties gleam Un - dimm'd by hu - man tears! A -

mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee And
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con -
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, Till
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee And

crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin-ing sea! }
 firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law! } A - men.
 all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine! }
 crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin-ing sea! }

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND!

93

C. T. BROOKS, 1834
J. S. DWIGHT, 1844

LOWELL MASON
(Tune: Dort)

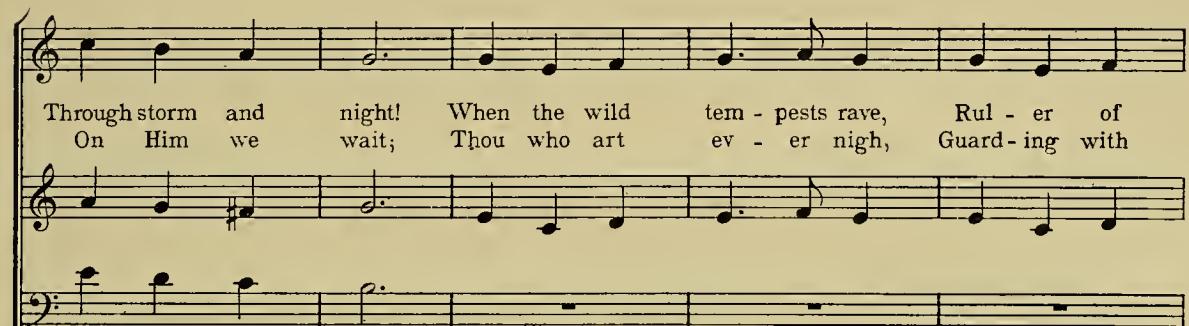
TENOR I



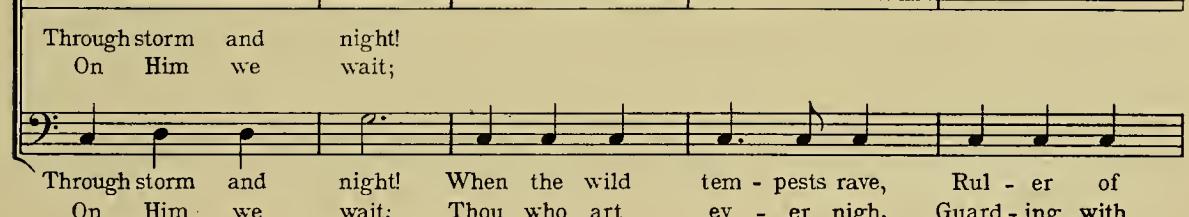
TENOR II

BASS I

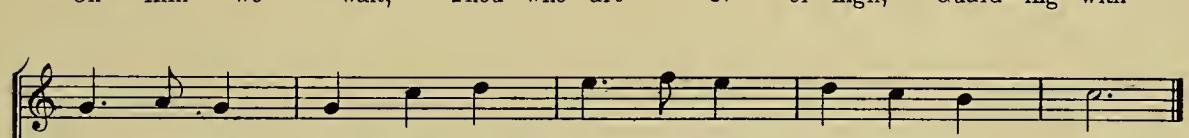
BASS II



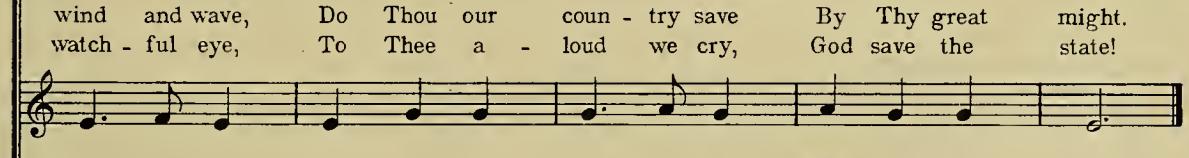
Through storm and night!
On Him we wait;



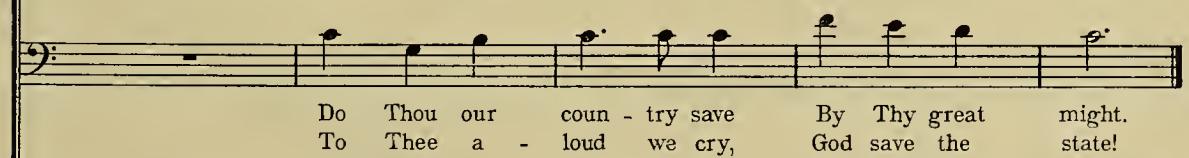
Through storm and night!
On Him we wait;



wind and wave,
watch - ful eye,
Do Thou our
To Thee a -
coun - try save
loud we cry,
By Thy great
God save the
state!



Do Thou our
To Thee a -
coun - try save
loud we cry,
By Thy great
God save the
state!



wind and wave,
watch - ful eye,
Do Thou our
To Thee a -
coun - try save
loud we cry,
By Thy great
God save the
state!

O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY!

F. L. HOSMER

R. P. STEWART (1868)
(Garfirth)

TENOR I & II

BASS I & II

RUDYARD KIPLING 1897

Z. W. YVILL
(1762-1837)

TENOR I & II

1. God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung
 2. The tu - mult and the shout - ing dies; The cap - tains and the
 3. Far - call'd our nav - ies melt a - way, On dune and head - land
 4. If drunk with sight of pow'r, we loose Wild tongues that have not
 5. For heath - en heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and

BASS I & II

bat - tle line, Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do -
 kings de - part: Still stands Thine an - cient sac - ri - fice, An
 sinks the fire; Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is
 Thee in awe, Such boast - ing as the Gen - tiles use Or
 i - ron shard, All val - iant dust that builds on dust, And

min - ion o - ver palm and pine, Lord God of Hosts, be
 hum - ble and a con - trite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be
 one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre! Judge of the na - tions,
 les - ser breeds with - out the law - Lord God of Hosts, be
 guard - ing calls not Thee to guard, For fran - tic boast and

with us yet, Lest we for - get - lest we for - get!
 with us yet, Lest we for - get - lest we for - get! } A - men.
 spare us yet, Lest we for - get - lest we for - get! }
 with us yet, Lest we for - get - lest we for - get! }
 fool - ish word, Thy mer - cy on Thy peo - ple, Lord!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779-1843)

f Con spirito

SAMUEL ARNOLD (1740-1802)

1. Oh ! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught - y host in dread
 3. Oh ! thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and wild

twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 war's des - o - la - tion ; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heaven-res - cued land Praise the

ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming ? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es ? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
 power that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our

burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh . say, does that
 incorn-ing's first beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream ; 'Tis the star-span-gled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot - to,—"In God is our trust !" And the star-span-gled

poco ritard.
 star-span-gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban - ner : Oh long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

CAMPUS CHANTS

SPECIAL!

I went to Hamp one evening,
From Amherst did I roam,
I lost my heart that evening,
And I missed the last car home.

CHORUS

I tell you, yes, there is rest,
Yes, there is rest,
In this college life there is rest,
Sweet rest.

One year they said at Aggie,
Let's go out for a row,
We'll have a race and ask them in,
And give them all a show. (*Chorus*)

They said, "Why yes, we'll be there,"
You can't fool us, we're wise,
But since 'twas Aggie's party,
She walked home with the prize.
(*Chorus*)

Last year we played with Amherst,
A little game of ball,
The dope said we were rotten,
We had no team at all. (*Chorus*)

We went down there to please them,
We'll leave it up to you,
To tell the way we whaled the ball,
'Till the score was ten to two. (*Chorus*)

DEAR EVELINE

Dear Eveline,
Say you'll be mine,
Come let me whisper in your ear,
Way down yonder in the old corn field,
For you—I pine;
Sweeter than the honey, to the honey
bee,
I love you, say you love me,
Meet me in the shade of the old apple
tree;
E-fer, I-fer, O-fer, Eveline.

JOLLY AGGIE

Oh the king will take the queen,
And the queen will take the jack,
And now we're in your company,
We'll drink to all the pack.

CHORUS

Here's to you my jovial friend,
Here's to you with all my heart,
And now we're in your company,
We'll drink before we part,
Here's to you—Jolly Aggie.

Oh the ten will take the nine,
And the nine will take the eight,
And now we're in your company,
We won't go home 'till late. (*Chorus*)

Oh the seven will take the six,
And the five will take the four,
And now we're in your company,
We'll have a bottle more. (*Chorus*)

Oh the three will take the deuce,
And the deuce will take them all,
And now we're in your company,
We won't go home at all. (*Chorus*)

DOWN BY THE STREAM

Down by the stream,
Where I first met Rebecca.
Down by the stream,
Where the sun loves to shine,
Bright were the garlands
I wove for Rebecca,
Bright were her eyes as they gazed
into mine.

One, two, three, four,
Sometimes I wish there were more,
Ein, zwei, drei, vier,
I love the one that's near;
Yen, nee, sen, see,
So says the heathen Chinee;
Fair girls bereft,
There will be left,
One, two and three.

IN THE EVENING

In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those banjos ringing.
How the old folks did enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the evening by the
moonlight.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad,
All the livelong day,
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.

Don't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn,
Don't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah blow your horn."

BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you,
With your eyes so blue,
Dressed in gingham too,
It was there I knew,
That you loved me true;
You were sixteen,
My village queen,
By the old mill stream.

AGGIE, MY AGGIE

Aggie, my Aggie,
My heart yearns for thee.
Yearns for thy campus,
And the old elm trees,
Long may we cherish,
In years yet to be,
Long may we cherish,
M. A. C.

